FREE SOCIETY

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

VOL. VI. NO. 57. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1900. WHOLE NO. 297.

A PROMISING CANDIDATE.

I'll promise you sunshine; I'll promise you rain;
I'll promise you fabulous prices for grain;
I'll promise you music by day and by night;
I'll promise you beauty and sweetness and light.
Let's look at the future, and ponder no more
On the numerous things I have promised before;
'Twas mentioned, when first my career I began:
I am an exceedingly promising man.

I will flatter your fancy, and nourish your schemes,
With limitless wealth from the mint of my dreams.
Come, pledge me a vote, ere I part from the place;
And I'll fling you a promise with prodigal grace!
You'll find I won't falter, whate'er be the boon—
A rosebud in winter; a snowstorm in June;
The health of a peasant; the pomp of a king—
In short, I will promise you any old thing.

—Washington Star.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

OUR MARTYRED COMRADES.

(A memorial address delivered in Philadelphia by Voltairine de Cleyre, November 17 1900.)

My heart is away at a grave tonight—a grave I see as I saw it once—I think I shall always see it so—lying green and sweet in the October light, that flung its clean unbartered gold so generously on leaf and blade and stone; and all around in the soft wind the tremulous flittings and murmurings, that made one feel not in a place of Death, but in a place of Peace. I see again that speaking stone, that "silence that is more powerful than voice," the pedestal with its graving, the warrior woman and the martyr dead; I feel the last strenuous agony in the drawn limbs, the shakeless resolution in the warrior mother's sad, stern eyes; beyond to the right I see my companion's figure, half turned from me, his hand shading his eyes; and then across the sunlight, between me and the stone, I see a woman with a little child by the hand; I see them stop, and hear the pitying pathos in the woman's voice as she says to my comrade softly in German:

"All under one stone?"

"All under one stone," he answers; and there is a low inarticulate exclamation of pity, while the child stands with a shadow of awe on its face. And then I hear the voice from beneath the sod, the voices that Death sent crying on all the winds of the world, till all men shall hear and know what they died for. Today it is said that they died, because they preached a gospel of destruction and of hate. Oh, they died because they loved too much! Because they could not see the pain, the madness, the blind struggles of ignorance, and be silent, considering themselves. What did it matter to them that this poor sad animal Man is apt to turn in his rage and tear the one who would help him? Did they not know it? Did they not know that the spirit of authority, stamped into the human soul by unknown thousands of years, would seek its vengeance? But what did it matter? They had their message to deliver, their hope to give, the fulness of their being to express. What matter, if it led them down into the storm and night?

And what was their message? Why, that real justice and real liberty might come on earth; that it was all false, all unnecessary, this wild waste of human life, of bone and sinew and brain and heart, this turning of people into human rags, ghosts, piteous caricatures of the creatures they had it in them to be, on the day that they were born; that what is called "economy," the massing up of things, is in reality the most frightful spending—the sacrifice of the maker to the made—the loss of all the finer and nobler instincts in the gain of one revolting attribute, the power to count and calculate. Out of the deep sense of giant wrong done to themselves and their fellows, out of their abiding faith that it needs only to see where the wrong lies, only to realize what possible change might come, and the workers must rise in mass and restore themselves with a strong hand to their right, they cried out. Theirs was a burning message, red at the heart, and leaping in flame from lips that did not stop to pick and choose their words. They preached in the common highway, and gathered to themselves all who willed to listen. They preached in the common language; for they were workingmen, who did not study how to turn periods, but wished to be understood. They said what they meant, and all they meant; and that, perhaps, was unwisdom; but if so, it is the common mistake of all the great fervid souls that have ever scorched their way through the callous rind of Man, and touched the torpid heart within till it beat drum-music.

They believed that Lincoln and Grant were right, when they predicted further uprisings of the people, wild convulsions, in the effort to reestablish some equilibrium in possessions. They were revolutionists, who believed that the revolution could not be wrought out peacefully, because of the historic tendency in the possessors to use force, whenever their privileges are threatened. They said so: they advised their fellows to prepare for these things.

In this, they may have been mistaken. It may be that the diffusion of ideas and of the spirit of freedom may take such hold upon the general mind, as will give us what we never yet have seen, a great social change without violence or destruction. Let us hope so. But hope cannot blind us to the fact that so far their prophecies have been fulfilled; and that not for any great change, but for a meager bettering of conditions within the existing system; men are shot upon the roads; and their corpses cry up from the sod for justice, receiving none. What like, then, is it to be when they ask for all that which nothing but their own ignorance keeps them from demanding? When they ask for the restoration and the perpetual indivisibility of the earth and the great stores within her bosom? When they ask for the free use of that which the genius of Man, not of men, has made? When they reclaim their right to the best in the world, not to the meanest and poorest? When they ask for room, and plenty of room, each and every one—no meager little yard fenced in with walls, but acres,—acres without fences where they may watch things grow and blossom, and feel again the joy of life and the sweet kinship with all living things,—learn the forgotten lore of the savage who knew all colors of the leaves, and the shapes of them, and the way they turned to the sun, and the peculiar instrument that played in the throat of every bird, and the promises of weather that boded in the sky, and saw every night a full clear unbroken view of the great arch with all its stars, not a blue patch cut into angles with roofs, fouled with smoke, seen out of the cellar of existence? When the Man with the Hoe shall look up from the sod, and beholding the glory that is around him, shall see in the clod what he has not seen before—beauties and possibilities endless, where before was only a heavy dull thing, that resisted his hoe, but must be turned for its master's sake;—nay, when he shall feel in himself, till now the cold, dull, heavy human clod, something stirring towards birth, towards growth, towards light and liberty? When the nature that has been repressed in him, chilled, frosted, bound in abeyance, shall struggle into gleams in those sad eyes, and soften the brute jaw, and push out the backward slanting brow? When he shall feel tumultuous throbbings, beating, beating ineffectually but powerfully within him,—the desire to seize something indistinct, which shines, palely luminous in his old darkness,—the vision of a larger fuller life, the yearning for self-hood, self-expression, *being* that of which he dreams?

Oh, no longer to echo the thoughts of others,—to bring forth a note of one's own! No longer to move at the word of others—to move or be still at one's own desire!

What will it be, when the digger in the depths, down in the blackness and the foulness, pictures to himself the life of light, and takes it boldly? When the toiler amid the machineries, in the clang and clash and roar, demands for his ears the sounds which mellow, the silence which stills?

If for this paltry thing, an hour less of labor, a small wage-increase, men are shot upon the road, what will the answer be when they demand all this?

We do not know. But all this, not one jot or tittle less than this, Anarchism means. It means awakening of soul and body, brain and heart; and good-bye forever to the slave's content with small concessions. Perhaps when the rich and the rulers realize this, when they understand that the non-possessors have wakened to their own powers and possibilities, they will respect those whom they despise so now, whose lives they hold so cheap; for respect is generally given to him who respects himself, and contempt to him who crawls; perhaps when they know that ours is a universal gospel, having its word for them, as well as for the poor, offering them the same as the others,—full life, liberty, better ideals and purposes, they too may accept it and voluntarily join with us in working out the problem of society in freedom. But with them or without them, hand-in-hand, or hand against hand, through life or through death, humanity in mass moves towards the Land of Freedom.

And, to borrow the imagery of Olive Schreiner, many are they who go down to the dark river that lies between—"and are swept away," and are drowned; "their bodies do not even build the bridge." And when at last the future men and women shall pass over "the bridge built with bodies," it will be the unremembered dead, falling today on every hand, in field and factory and mine, whose corpses shall be the piers whereon it rests. I speak of the daily sufferers, the helpless victims of capitalism and the State, who die and know not why they die.

But these, our comrades, who were self-conscious, reasoning, who went with clear eyes to the gallows and died triumphantly as ever any martyr did of old,—they of whom even their bitterest enemies had to say "they died like brave men," they will be known and remembered long, even in the Land of Freedom. We shall feel their living heart-beats, as we step upon this swaying bridge; we shall hear their death words crying till the fields of life are won; and up along the banks of the farther shore, there comes a drifting of unborn voices singing, "Blessed are the dead who died for freedom."

Shall I say over again what we have said every year, these thirteen years—that the specific act with which they were charged, (conspiracy with the thrower of the Haymarket bomb) was never remotely proven? Shall I repeat that the trial was unfair, the jury prejudiced, the judge committed to conviction, the prosecutor openly bragging they had packed the jury to hang? Governor Altgeld has saved me the trouble of all this. Whoever will dispassionately read his "Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe, and Schwab," will know it beyond a doubt; they are taken from the court testimony itself—you can ask nothing more.

They were tried and hanged for preaching Anarchism; the bomb-thrower was never known, probably never will be. Whoever it was, he threw it as an act of resistance to the unconstitutional proceeding of the police in breaking up a peaceable meeting. The aggression began with the guardians of law and order, who fired into the crowd, and drew forth the bomb as an answer to their bullets. Right or wrong, it had nothing to do with the right to advocate opinions; but it served as the lever to move the machinery of the law against our comrades.

It is all false that the hanging was done because of their preaching violence; it is not violence the ruling classes object to; for they themselves rule by violence, and take with the strong hand at every door. It is the social change they fear, the equalization of men. Tyranny has often mistaken its means; and the rulers of Illinois repeated history. What they would have destroyed, they multiplied; where they would have cursed, they blessed. And many a one will say with me to-night, in answer to the question, "What made you an Anarchist?" "The hanging in Chicago."

Well, they are gone; and we who are here tonight may not have long to stay; for we are moving down past the middle line; and those who live "the strenu-

(Continued on Page Three.)

FREE SOCIETY.

FORMERLY "THE FIREBRAND."
Published Weekly by Free Society Publishing Ass'n.

James F. Morton, Jr....Editor | A. Isaak.....Publisher

50 CENTS A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 236 Clinton Park, San Francisco, Calif. For visitors off Market St. Castro car.

Anarchy.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal: absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

ATTENTION!

The removal of Free Society to Chicago is now practically assured. The change is made in response to a widespread desire on the part of comrades, and with the expectation of being able to render a larger service to the propaganda. In connection with the removal, I contemplate a propaganda tour through the intervening States, starting early in January. All comrades desiring to arrange meetings will please write at once. The course of my tour will be determined by the sections from which I hear. A short preliminary tour in Southern California is a possibility, if I receive word immediately from comrades in the different cities there. Those between Chicago and the Pacific Coast who cannot arrange lectures, will do well to write nevertheless, as they may be close to the direct route, and thus able to receive a flying call. My subjects will be:

The Essence of Liberalism.
Religious Liberty and its Foes.
What Liberty Means.
Social Ideals.
Why I am an Anarchist.
The Battle for Free Speech.
The Meaning of Sex Freedom.
Trades Unionism.
The Rights of Labor.

Recitations, and lectures on literary and philosophical subjects can also be given, if desired.

Now is the time to send in large orders for books and pamphlets. This will greatly lighten the burden and expense of moving. Do not delay, as the time is exceedingly short. Send in an order today, if only for a single pamphlet. A few large orders, and a great number of small ones, will be of invaluable assistance. Lay in a good stock of propaganda literature, for your own sake, as well as that of Free Society.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

NOTES.

The only evidence of degeneracy in England is among the army officers. Many of them have the slanting forehead, that goes with social decay.—Professor Edward A. Ross, in a lecture in Oakland, Cal.

This is testimony from a man thoroughly competent to express an intelligent judgment in the matter. It is a more than significant fact that the soldiers and the police, the main pillars on which government rests, represent, on the average, the most brutal and degraded types of humanity. Is not a tree known by its fruits?

◆ ◆ ◆

One comrade, who wrote us, some months ago, in support of political action, now writes that he abstained from voting at the last election. He is not sorry for his decision, as is another comrade, who voted for Bryan, and has been kicking himself ever since. Every vote in the ballot-box is a step away from Anarchism.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

CURRENT NEWS.

Berlin, November 16.—Proceedings have been begun against Herr Margraf, a member of the town council of Berlin, for lese-majeste, the specific charge being that he refused to rise, when cheers were given in the council on January 4 for Emperor William. Not until now has the alleged offence been formally denounced by the public prosecutor.—Press Dispatch.

It is a difficult matter to avoid a charge of lese-majeste, under the sublime rule of the insane tyrant of Germany. A man, it seems, is not even permitted to keep his seat, when a sycophantic mob is howling the praises of a worthless parasite. This is the German conception of liberty, at the close of the nineteenth century. There was more freedom under Frederick of Prussia, more than a hundred years ago.

◆ ◆ ◆

Hungary is another "free" country, which seems to take its cue, as to religious tolerance, from the United States. The following dispatch needs no further comment:

Vienna, November 30.—Advice received from Temesvar, South Hungary, record the rough treatment received there by two Mormon elders, emissaries from Salt Lake City, Utah. The two elders had hardly commenced to enunciate their views on polygamy, when the audience stormed the platform, and ejected the pair from the hall. One of them was compelled to run the gauntlet of 300 irate citizens, armed with sticks, straps or knotted cords and hob nail shoes. He was afterward stripped to the waist, and thrashed by half a dozen matrons of Temesvar. The second Mormon was ducked in a horse pond. Finally the two elders were rescued by the police.

The Minister of the Interior has prohibited further Mormon attempts to proselytize, as being a danger to the well-being of the State.

◆ ◆ ◆

The American and European armies are still propagating civilization and Christianity in China. The latest infamy, outside of the wholesale murder of unarmed men by the German troops, is the theft of the magnificent astronomical instruments of the Peking observatory. This took place with the approval of Count von Waldersee, the head thief and murderer of the allied ruffians. The loot is to be divided evenly between Berlin and Paris. If the Chinese do not master the lofty ethics of Christian civilzation, they must be obstuse indeed.

◆ ◆ ◆

Because a young man refused to fight another, on account of a petty quarrel, several other young fellows seized him, and forced him to drink a burning liquid, from the effects of which he ultimately died. The perpetrators of this fiendish murder are well known; but the authorities declare that nothing will be done in the matter. The reason is apparent. Both the murderers and their victim were cadets at the training school for thugs and murderers, situated at West Point. A student who was so unsoldierly as to display any human traits, deserved to be butchered by his fellow-cadets. This is the kind of animal which militarism makes out of the young men of the country. Is it not an ideal picture?

◆ ◆ ◆

At the recent polling for the electoral college at Turka, in Galicia, the returning officer placed gendarmes at the polling stations, with orders to arrest electors voting for candidates on the Democratic list. In answer to this abominable conduct, the people, we are told, "stormed the polling station, put the gendarmes to flight, drove the returning officer out of the place, demolished the voting urns and fired the building."—Freedom.

These were not Anarchists. They took up arms, not for their own freedom, but for the right to assist in making laws for others. Hence they will be applauded by many, who would have only the bitterest condemnation for men who should venture to defend themselves against robbery and coercion, practised in "the name of the law."

◆ ◆ ◆

The revolutionary spirit is alive in Spain. The workingmen have revived the Federation of the Workers of the Spanish Regions. At a recent Congress in Madrid, "where 52,000 workingmen belonging to some 300 unions were represented," (Freedom) a manifesto was prepared, containing the following declarations:

We desire the suppression of private property, and the socialization of the instruments of labor.

We proclaim the urgent and lasting necessity of the Social Revolution.

We would render wars between the nations impossible, by refusing to bear arms in the service of governments.

We do not aspire to the conquest of Power; because Authority, by whatever name it is known, is always tyrannous.

◆ ◆ ◆

One of the leading planks in the Republican platform was a solemn pledge to construct an isthmian canal. Now that the maladministration is reseated in power, it snaps its fingers at those who trusted its word, and declares there shall be no canal, unless the Hay-Pauncefote treaty with Great Britain is signed.

◆ ◆ ◆

The House of Misrepresentatives in Washington has promptly obeyed the Emperor's command, and voted a permanent standing army of 100,000 men. Of course, the maladminstration kept very mum about this before election, when it was fishing for suckers. The reign of militarism is on us; and he must indeed be dull, who cannot discern the signs of the times.

Embalmed Beef Eagan is now granted a full pardon by the Emperor. To be sure, his "sentence" had previously been commuted to full pay, with no work to do. But a slight stigma remained on his name, which the Emperor has very kindly wiped off. His imperial highness is noted for his graciousness toward wealthy and influential offenders; but he abundantly atones for this appearance of over-leniency, by the severity which he displays toward any workingman, who has the presumption to ask for an extra crust of bread.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

DISCORDS.

Free Society, an Anarchist publication, in an account of an Anarchist meeting held in San Francisco, says that the Social Democrats united with the Anarchists, to make the meeting a success. Among the speakers, was the editor of the Social Democrat Tageblatt. This speaks volumes for the condition of affairs in that city, and also for the makeup of the the crowd which purports to advance the cause of the working class. At all times the Anarchists have been a drug, when permitted to participate in the work of a party. It is only when they are driven out, that they become harmless. To work with them, you must be of them. That the Social Democrats are of them, is evident from the fact that they were jointly responsible for the meeting held. This is not the first time that this has occurred. It will probably not be the last. The Chicago paper that supports the Social Democracy violently attacks the Anarchists. Can it be that a new executive committee is in process of foundation?—The Weekly People.

The "class-conscious" organ is a little crooked as to its facts. The meeting in question was held to commemorate the martyrdom of those members of the working class, who were foully murdered in Chicago, thirteen years ago. It was an occasion which rightly appealed to all proletarians, regardless of the widest difference of aims and methods—and that from the very standpoint of "class-consciousness." No amalgamation between Anarchists and Social Democrats is possible. Anarchists are uncompromising proletarians, who deny *in toto* the right of private ownership of the means of production. The history of the Socialist movement has taught them the futility of political action. They move straight toward their goal, and refuse to be turned aside by any proffered palliatives. They are indeed "a drug," (or did the writer mean "drag"?) from the viewpoint of ambitious leaders, whether these latter be designing corruptionists, or arbitrary dictators. So will they continue to be, as long as the proletarian movement is hitched to the car of politics, and dragged away from the straight road of progress.

◆ ◆ ◆

"The canal bill can wait; for the Hay-Pauncefote treaty must be first ratified. A majority of the Senate is in favor of the isthmian canal bill; and it can be easily passed at this session, after the treaty has been ratified. The treaty should be ratified as negotiated. I consider the amendment as useless. Conditions have changed since it was agreed to by the committee; and I do not think the pressure for its adoption will be as strong as it was before election. *The election is now over; and there is no necessity of looking about to see whether in the consideration of this treaty or other matters, any particular element of our voting population is likely to be offended.* I am confident the treaty can be ratified as negotiated."—Senator Frye in an interview.

"The election is now over;" and the most solemn promises can be violated with impunity. The voting cattle must now take whatever their masters are pleased to give. "There is no necessity of looking about to see" whether the people like or dislike what the bosses have decided on. The ballot is simply an instrument of self-surrender. Accept, over-patient American people, even such insults as this declaration of Frye that your interests can be safely ignored, because "the election is now over." You voted your own power out of your own hands; and you repeat the operation, every time you drop a ballot into the box. Now take your nauseating dose; and try to look pleasant. Frye is a scoundrel; but it is you who have made him a successful one.

◆ ◆ ◆

It wasn't the influence of the corporations or the foreign vote that defeated the Democratic party in this county, at the late election, as many pretended; but it was the German voters, who are in the majority, that were totally disgusted with the ticket nominated. —Ashland News.

Will the Ashland News please look up the meaning of the word "foreign," and explain why it applies less to German voters, than to those of any other nationality?

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

USURY ACCORDING TO LAW.

One cent at six per cent usury in 1900 years amounts to $2,560,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

Jesus Christ might have invested that small amount for me, because *he knew* I should want it, just now, November 1900. Oh yes, he knew I should want it for election purposes, so that we might put the *noblest, purest*, and generally all around *goodest* men into place and power for pelf. But, poor fellow, like many since his day, his first bout with the money-power was his last. Almighty then as now—does anyone ask which is "Almighty," God or Gold? No! no one, after nineteen centuries of Christianity would ask such a damphool question.

A "medium" just informs me that the investment was made; and now for the life of me, I cannot write out the cheque. Will some one word it, and take thirty-nine figures for his trouble? I'll be content with the remaining seven figures.

Money at six per cent doubles in twelve years; so that in ten doublings, or 120 years, the one cent amounts to $10.24—say $10 or an increase of thousand times. The next 120 years would bring it to $10,000; and the third term of 120 years to $10,000,000. It is thus simple to calculate the amount for 1900 years. Do not overlook the fact that metals do not breed; Labor produces all wealth; and therefore *Labor must pay all usury.*

The amount of actual money, and the much vaster amount that does not even exist, that is drawing usury, is unthinkable; and the rate of usury now is electro-damnable.

No one can live a free, and consequently honest and happy life, by or under usury. Usury destroyed Athens, Carthage, Rome, and has destroyed American manhood—only the power of gold, which is usury, made the Philippine atrocity possible, now an eternal blot on our escutcheon. KINGHORN-JONES.

ANARCHIST "ORGANIZATION."

I have a few words to say to the American Anarchists; and having been in this movement (if we can be said to have one) for more than twelve years, I think I may be frank. While there are more Anarchists today than any time in the past, our cause is just as weak and struggling as it was twelve years ago, when I became a young "convert." The reason is not hard to find. While political Socialism has fought its way to recognition, and to-day demands and receives universal attention, Anarchism, with stronger claims to human reason and sentiment, and with a far greater intellectual support, is still non-existent, so far as the public at large is cognizant of its real aim and purport. Socialists have acted in concert, and with systematic effort. They have promulgated their theories in platforms and manifestoes that the public could read and understand. They have by organized action put hundreds of speakers in the field, who have gone forth and talked Socialism to the masses. And we Anarchists—have done nothing—published a few struggling papers, read only by our own people; a few books, when the common people cannot or do not find time to read such exhaustive literature. And the class of literature we have put out has been pitched in a key suitable only for students of polical economy, when it is the common, unthinking, every-day man we must reach and educate.

Socialism has outstripped Anarchy in making converts, simply because its advocates have taken the trouble to make themselves understood by the people—the everyday people. Let us go and do likewise. Look at the work accomplished by our resolute little comrade Emma Goldman, in the lecture field? And she has stood alone! What would be accomplished with a dozen lecturers in the field, preaching Anarchy's gospel of human freedom?

Why this inactivity? Simply that we persistently refuse to practice the fundamental principle of Anarchism—co-operation. We refuse to organize as a body, because, forsooth, organization is governmental. Nonsense! Call it co-operative association, if you like; but at least this fact is apparent: we must come together as a compact body, and act together, if we ever make Anarchy a living issue.

I call upon all those who realize the importance of such a movement at this time, to say something upon this subject through the columns of Free Society and Discontent. I should also be pleased to correspond with those who favor the formation of an American Anarchist propaganda society, and the adoption of an Anarchist declaration of principles.

I am tired of having the grand name of Anarchy covered with the slime and slander of ignorant abuse; tired of having people regard me with fear and suspision, on account of an avowal of my convictions. I do not blame the people—they have received no light upon the subject; and it is time they did. We must have a platform of principles, to show the public exactly where we stand. You cannot read all of Kropotkin's works to every man you meet, to prove to him that Anarchy is not murder; but, if the Anarchists had a platform, setting forth concisely what Anarchists demand, we could carry a copy of it around in our pockets, and, when we meet some one willing to listen, we could prove to him without much effort, that we were somebody besides assassins of kings.

I do not suppose that all Anarchists would join or even co-operate with an Anarchist organization; but enough would, I am sure, to make the movement a success. At any rate, let us do something to create an Anarchist movement in America, that will help to make Anarchy an issue. I am frank to confess that I am anxious for the time when one may avow him or herself an Anarchist anywhere without losing caste with respectability. It is all bosh to say we care nothing for social ostracism—I do, and you do too, even though you may humbug yourself with the delusion that you don't. ROSS WINN.

Silver Springs, Tenn.

A CRITICISM.

While the article "The Chicago Martyrs" in No. 295 of Free Society reads well, a little comment will not come amiss. On the question of force, the author becomes illogical and contradictory. He says:

> Nor did our martyrs fail to perceive that force was not the remedy to be adopted by the wage workers. True, they advised the people to arm in self-defence. But while the capitalists and their tools, the governing class, controlled the organized armed military and naval forces, together with the militia and police throughout the land, it would be criminal on our part to counsel an attack on this power by the workers.

Yes, our comrades advised arming in self-defence; but modern warfare is better than guns and amunition. An attack on the military power may become necessary some day, and the counsel of self-defence is never criminal.

He advises education, industrial organization and co-operation, and remarks:

> When the people in this way are ready for the change, the present unjust system will fall; and then there will be none to defend it.

But experience shows that the privileged class would resist this, just as vigorously as any other change, which would destroy their privileges. He rightly says:

> The propertied class, supported by all those who hope themselves some day to possess property, would not only object, but would in the event of a Socialist proposal of confiscation, at once raise an army of hirelings, and forcibly resist any effort to despoil them.

The propertied class will resist ANY effort to curtail, or deprive them of, their privileges. He very correctly says:

> That the workers will wake up some fine morning, and find the capitalist system gone, by some mysterious revolution, is a delusion of the past.

We may never look for the time when the "present system will fall; and there will be none to defend it." We have got to kill the damned thing; and it is no small job. Just how and when the final blow, that will complete the job, will be struck, no man can foretell; but we must not despise anything that will help destroy the present system of monopoly and authority.

The only way to get our rights is to take them. The only way to have liberty, or a free life, is to live it. When enough of us undertake to take what is ours, we will get it. When we act as we please, we will be free. When that time comes the aggressive force of privilege will be met by the defensive force of liberty. Hasten the day; for beyond it we see "the good time coming," of which Wm. Morris sang. H. A.

OUR MARTYRED COMRADES.

(Concluded from Page One.)

ous life" rarely live to be old. But few or many our years, we shall spend them working for that which to us is the only thing worth working for—the free life.

To the fervent hopes and efforts of the younger generations, we commit the memories of thirteen years ago, praying them never to forget the price paid by the dead nor the anguish of some yet living; never to forget that the way to honor a sacrifice is to follow up the spirit of it; and that if to you too has come the Vision of Man made one—without countries, nations, divisions, classes, without authorities priestly or civil, with the peace that is real, the equality which means free self-expression, be bold to bear witness to it; picture it; work for it; live for it if you can; die for it if you must. Remember the dungeon and the gallows tonight, and the flesh, warm like yours, that is dust, or corroding in prison cells,—and be not silent under pain of condemnation of your own soul, that last judge, to whom all courts are as nothing, to whom you can tell no lies, and who will be with you to the edge of doom. True to your ideal, you may at the end speak to scoffer and persecutor the beautiful lines quoted by our beloved Parsons, near the last:

> I am not dead—I am not dead,
> I live a life intense, divine!
> Yours be the days forever fled,
> But all the morrows shall be mine.

AN INTERVIEW.

A reporter of one of the dailies in Pittsburg, Pa., had the following short interview with one of our Italian comrades:

Reporter: "Why did one of your fellows shoot King Humbert?"

Comrade: "Well, what is there so extraordinary about it? The king received 16,000,000 lira annually, while his subjects were starving; yet he demanded more, claiming that he could not get along with so little; and threatened to strike, if his demand was not conceded."

Reporter: "Well, what about it?"

Comrade: "Great Scott! Don't you know that strikers are usually shot down!"

It is needless to add, that this interview did not appear in the paper. A. S.

DEFENCE FUND.

Readers of Free Society are asked to forward aid for the defence of Comrade J. H. Cook, who was arrested for exercising free speech in Providence, December 7. Remit cash to Kate Studley, Room 7, 910 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

This is another of the many attempts to suppress Anarchist propaganda in Providence. Comrade Cook was addressing an open-air meeting in a public square, when arrested. This privilege is denied in Providence to none but Anarchists. With proper assistance, Comrade Cook believes that he can make a winning fight against police tyranny.

Literature.

The Missing Link in Dietetics. Price 2d. (4 cents.) *Suitable Food and Physical Immortality.* Price 7d. (14 cents.) Both by Sophie Leppel. London, E. C., Eng., L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus.

These two pamphlets contain the gist of an interesting theory of dietetics. The author maintains that the physical salvation of the race lies in the use of proper food. Her theory of Vitalism accepts nearly all articles commonly used for food, but combines them in different ways to suit individual needs. She is strongly opposed to Vegetarianism.

For Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Internationaler Club Freiheit desires to come into communication with all comrades in Brooklyn and New York City. The Club has some special propaganda plans for the coming season. Among other intentions, Kropotkin's "Anarchist Communism" is to be issued in German, and the proceeds of its sale devoted to the American propaganda. Address Internationaler Club Freiheit, 1245 Green Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

In New London, Conn.

A mass meeting and social will be held Sunday, December 23, in New London Opera House, under the auspices of the Italian Group of New London, where Comrade Emma Goldman will speak in English, and Comrade Esteve in the Italian language. The proceeds will be devoted to the Italian propaganda and Free Society.

297

The number printed on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

A POLITICAL "ANARCHIST."

I don't like to see so much jealousy going on between the Anarchists and Socialists. No doubt Millerand deserved the roasting that Emma administered unto him; but pray tell me, good editor of the Free Society, which of the two factions is doing the greatest amount of revolutionary work this fiscal year? Every one of us ought to recognize their good points and turn them to our advantage. Now I know that Anarchists are a mighty scarce article; and their literature is ditto. The Socialists are very much in evidence. Bold and outspoken, very daring upon all occasions to defend their theory. They are mighty numerous; and their literature is mighty voluminous. They are great advertisers. A drop of ink will make millions think. Comrade Wayland, in his Appeal to Reason, is spreading a Pacific Ocean of ink all over the United States. Now, comrades, do you not wish you could do as much for the cause of Anarchy, as he is doing for Socialism? I wish you could. I would like to recommend to your readers to hunt up and read some of the Socialist papers. They are valuable in that they reveal and expose State secrets, and explain the working of an exclusively corrupt society. To the Anarchistic mind, these X-ray delineations must afford grim satisfaction. Never was a time when the old adage, "The pen is mightier than the sword," shows up to a better advantage. Mind is evidently subject to a chemical change by those who know best how to operate upon it. Nature gives up her secrets to those who delve and seek for them. Mixing up in politics may seem a very unorthodox thing for an Anarchist to do; but for a' that the Socialists are having a fine time running candidates for offices, and availing themselves of the opportunity of springing a lot of shocking ideas upon an unsuspecting public. Nothing to lose; but there's lot to gain. Let us lay aside our maidenly reserve, and put up a lot of Anarchists for office, if they will run next election time. Suppose we nominate James F. Morton, president; A Isaak, vice president. Then I guess the submerged tenth will hide their lighted candle under a bushel-basket no longer.

W. S. ALLEN.

COMMENT.

Our comrade means well, but needs to be considerably better posted in the fundamental principles of the Anarchist philosophy. It is not "maidenly reserve" which leads Comrade Isaak and myself to decline the honor our friend would thrust upon us—we would both be ineligible, by the way, Comrade Isaak as not born in this country, and I as being less than 35 years of age! Abstinence from political action is no mere fad, but a demonstrable necessity, if we would keep clear of entangling alliances, and move straight toward the end desired. We are not actuated by "jealousy" of the Socialists, and are always ready to fraternize with them, so far as our differences of method will permit. This, however, does not and should not prevent us from pointing out what we conceive to be fatal errors in the tactics adopted by them. Without criticism and discussion, progress would be slow indeed. In censuring Millerandism, we do not question the honesty and sincerity of many of our Socialist friends, any more than in condemning Bryanism we brand as hypocrites thousands of honest reformers, who are as radical as their understanding allows them to be. We simply prove that political tactics invariably lead to compromise with the bourgeoisie; and that rapid growth in numbers is only attainable by a considerable lowering of the revolutionary standard. The Millerand case is an exceedingly apt illustration. The Socialists are more numerous than the Anarchists; the Bryanites are more numerous than the Socialists; and the Republicans are more numerous than the Bryanites. This is a transitional period; and temporary majorities form no key to the course of social development. We are glad of the educational work accomplished by the Socialists; but we see in this no ground for abandoning the clear conceptions which we find in Anarchism. Come, comrade; let the politicians go; and join energetically in laying stable foundations for the coming free society.

NEWS AND NOTES.

All honor to General Gomez, who persistently refuses to accept an office under the Cuban republic. "As a revolutionist," he declares, "my mission ends with the revolution. I firmly believe that the highest distinction, which a man who has fought so much can take with him to the grave, is the esteem of all; and this can only be attained by not governing anybody or anything." Without doubt, these sentiments of the illustrious Cuban hero led Uncle Sam to the conclusion that Cuba was inhabited by an inferior race, and was sadly in need of the services of United States officers, who never hesitate to govern anybody or anything.

* * *

Do we forget for a single moment the enlightening influence of the modern newspaper, as a disseminator of facts (?) then are we pleasantly reminded by such items as the following, from the "Answers to Questions" department in the St. Louis Republic of November 8, that forgetfulness is a sin:

It was Governor Altgeld who commuted the sentences of the Haymarket Anarchists from death to life imprisonment. This he did on the ground that their rioting was provoked by an unwarranted and unlawful attack upon their meeting by the Chicago police. Those Anarchists were a noisy lot of lunatics; but they had a right to hold their meeting, so long as they committed no act of violence, which they had *not done* when the police came to disperse them. If the police had acted strictly within the law, there would have been nobody killed.

Let us be thankful that the Solon in charge of the question department concedes that even lunatics have rights, that policemen are bound to respect; also that the police were responsible for the lives lost. But I protest against robbing Governor Oglesby of the *infamy* of commuting the death sentence of innocent men to life imprisonment; and "Honor to whom honor is due," Governor Altgeld, who opened the prison doors of the living victims, and vindicated the memory of the murdered men; and dishonor to him who rightfully earned it, the politician Oglesby.

* * *

The Labor Record, published at 729 Main St., Joplin, Mo., R L. Ziy, editor, was born last April. The mission of the paper, as stated in the opening number, "is to expose the wrongs which burden the laboring class," to better their condition by educating, agitating and organizing. The editor aims to be impartial in discussing vital questions; its pages will be open to negative views. In the May number the editor refers to the Commune uprising, its fall, and the murder of countless people by the government of Thiers. He says it is most important that the wage workers should not be misled by that history; as they will not be, if conscious of their rights.

The following from Comrade Ziv's "think shop"—which, by the way, is situated in a tailor shop, where clothes are fitted as well as ideas—will give a fair inkling of the rational standard adhered to by this earnest workingman:

Give full scope to the scope to the exercise of your senses; then trust and obey them to the exclusion of *all authority*, until you will be on the right track to think for yourself. But never take blindly for granted anything you hear, because some one with a name and station has asserted it. Doubt, inquire, investigate—try before you judge, until you are convinced of its truth,—study the chain of causes and effects, that you may learn how to live.

The last number of the Record for May contains Louise Michel's article "Looking Beyond," clipped from Free Society; also a scathing condemnation of the hypocritical peace conference at The Hague. A June number contains a synopsis of Kropotkin's "Basis and Principles of Anarchist-Communism," and "Philosophy of Industry" by Dyer De Lum.

In September, there is a splendid article by T. Bining, London, England, on strikes and labor troubles, that I wish every coal miner and factory hand might read. But space is too limited to enumerate all the good things this energetic social revolutionist places before his readers. I hope the comrades will be interested and subscribe for the Labor Record, as the paper is situated to do much good, with a little assistance.

Caplinger Mills, Mo. KATE AUSTIN.

The Letter-Box.

E. M. Q., Stockton, Cal.—The type for the lessons was distributed from week to week. It would be quite expensive to have the whole matter set up again and reprinted. If there is sufficient demand, the lessons may be published at some future time.

D. B., Haledon, N. J.—All right. Wait till times are better. Old copies sent, as requested.

H. C., Santa Cruz, Cal.—If the American propaganda could sustain two, three, or a dozen papers, we should be very glad of the fact. But as long as one is barely able to keep afloat, there seems little opportunity for others.

A. T., New York.—We have advanced your subscription to No. 376, which covers the payment you made in July.

W. L., Cambridge, Mass.—Some of the pamphlets ordered were not on hand, and so we mailed others instead.

J. A. W., Pasadena, Cal.—"Appeal to the Young" was not in stock.

RECEIPTS.

Please do not use private checks nor bank cnecks if you can avoid it.

The safest and most acceptable manner of remitting is by postoffice or express money order.

Proceeds from a memorial meeting, Philadelphia, Pa., by Notkin, $14.10. Kuehne, Hassan, Maisel, Briskman, Abel, Dinaelly, Berger, Raisman, each $1. Visgird, Taunen, Dewey, Doyen, Bershadsky, Bluhm, Bonoff, Brady, Anderson, Dank, Epstein, Shuloff, Finkelstein, Venderoff, Gordin, Jolkoffsky, Rockfield, Feldman, Serril, Pfuetzner, Malcheff, Meslinger, Glick, Young, Elyinsky, Haas, each 50c. Cole, 30c. Lempert, Ribakoff, Ellson, Saphir, Weiss, Kahan, Green, Danziger, Smith, each 25c.

MORIBUND SOCIETY AND ANARCHY.

Translated from the French of
JEAN GRAVE
By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

Price 25 Cents.

5 copies $1.00. 10 copies $1.50

Send orders to FREE SOCIETY.

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS.

—o—

The Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists in Court.

—AND—

Altgeld's Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe and Schwab.

This book contains a half-tone picture of our eight comrades and one of the monument erected at Waldheim cemetery to the memory of those murdered by the government This is the best edition of the book ever printed. It contains 168 pages.

Price 25 Cents.

BOOK LIST.

In lots of ten or more of each, five-cent pamphlets furnished at three cents.

Essays on the Social Problem	H. Addis	05
The New Hedonism	Grant Allen	05
Prejudice?	M. Bachman	50
God and the State	Michael Bakunin	05
The Same. (London edition.)		10
The Proletarian Revolt, a History of the Paris Commune 1871	G. B Benham	25
The Worm Turns	Voltairine de Cleyre	10
Evolution of the Family	J. M. Crane	05
Evolution of Modesty	"	05
The Emancipation of Society from Government	Dallan Doyle	05
Moribund Society and Anarchy. Cloth 60c	Jean Grave	25
Hilda's Home. Cloth $1	Rosa Graul	50
Marriage and Morality	Lillian Harman	05
Regeneration of Society	"	05
Love in Freedom	Moses Harman	05
Motherhood in Freedom	"	05
How to Dispose of Surplus Products and Employ Surplus Labor	Kinghorn-Jones	05
An Appeal to the Young	Peter Kropotkin	05
Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal.	"	05
Anarchist Morality	"	05
Expropriation	"	05
Law and Authority	"	05
Memoirs of a Revolutionist	"	2.00
Paris Commune	"	05
Revolutionary Studies	"	05
The State: Its Historic Role	"	10
Wage System. Revolutionary Gov't	"	05
History of the Commune. Cloth	Lissagary	75
Anarchy	Enrico Malatesta	05
Anarchy. Is It All a Dream, by James F. Morton, Jr)	Enrico Malatesta	10
Commune of Paris	William Morris	05
Monopoly	"	05
God and Government: The Siamese Twins of Superstition	W. E. Nevill	05
An Open Letter to W. J. Bryan	"	10
Mating or Marrying, Which? A Lesson from History. The Problem of Criminality	W. H. Van Ornum	05
Evolution and Revolution	E. Reclus	05
Direct Action vs. Legislation	J. B. Smith	05
Autobiography	August Spies	25
Helen Harlow's Vow	Lois Waisbrooker	25
My Century Plant. Cloth	"	1.00
The Temperance Folly	"	10
Wherefore Investigating Company	"	25
Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses	E. C. Walker	15
Revival of Puritanism	"	10
What the Young Need to Know	"	10
Life Without a Master. A Treatise on the Rights and Wrongs of Men. 336 pages. Cloth $1 50	J. Wilson, Ph. D.	1.00
The New Dispensation	"	1.50
The Coming Woman	Lillie D. White	05
The Chicago Martyrs; The Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists in Judge Gary's Court and Altgeld's Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe and Schwab		25
Responsibility and Solidarity in the Labor Struggle; also the German Social Democracy and Edward Bernstein		05
The Education of the Feminine Will		05

Free Society is sold by:

Chicago, C. Pfuetzner, 469 Wabash Ave.
New York, M. Maisel, 254 Madison St.
Boston, Brigham's Restaurant, 642 Wash. St.
Paterson, N. J., S. Colongo, 270 Straight St.
San Francisco. R. Rieger, 1705 Market St. Radical books and pamphlets on hand.